

## The Tragedie

Haue strooke more terror to the soule of Richard,  
Then can the substance of ten thousand souldiers  
Armed in prooffe, and led by shallow Richmond.  
Tis not yet neare day, come goe with me,  
Vnder our Tents Ile play the ewefe-dropper,  
To heare if any meane to shrinke from me. *Exeunt.*

*Enter the Lords to Richmond.*

*Lords.* Good morrow Richmond.

*Rich.* Crie mercy Lords, and watchfull Gentlemen,  
That you haue tane a tardie sluggard here.

*Lor.* How haue you slept my Lord?

*Rich.* The sweetest sleepe, and fairest boding dreames,  
That euer entred in a drowlie head,  
Haue I since your departure had my Lords.  
Me thought their soules, whose bodies Richard murdered,  
Came to my tent, and cried on victorie:  
I promise you my soule is very iocund,  
In the remembrance of so faire a dreame.  
How farre into the morning is it Lords?

*Lor.* Vpon the stroke of foure.

*Rich.* Why then tis time to arme, and giue direction.  
More then I haue said, louing countrymen, *(His Oration to*  
The leifure and inforcement of the time, *his souldiers.*  
Forbids to dwell vpon, yet remember this,  
God, and our good cause, fight vpon our side,  
The prayers of holy Saints and wronged soules,  
Like high reard bulwarkes, stand before our faces,  
Richard except, those whom we fight against,  
Had rather haue vs winne, then him they follow:  
For, what is he they follow? truly gentlemen,  
A bloody tyrant, and a homicide.  
One raide in bloud, and one in bloud established:  
One that made meanes to come by what he hath,  
And slaughtered those that were the meanes to helpe him:  
A base soule stone, made precious by the soile  
Of Englands chaire, where he is falsly set,  
Oae that hath euer bene Gods enemy:  
Then if you fight against Gods enemy,  
God will in iustice ward you as his souldiers:  
If you do sweare to put a tyrant downe.

## of Richard the third.

You sleepe in peace, the tyrant being slaine,  
If you do fight against your countries foes,  
Your countries fat, shall pay your paines the hire.  
If you do fight in safegard of your wiues,  
Your wiues shall welcome home the conquerors:  
If you do free your children from the sword,  
Your childrens children quits it in your age:  
Then in the name of God and all these rights,  
Aduance your standards, draw your willing swords  
For me, the ranfome of my bold attempt,  
Shall be this cold corpes on the earths cold face:  
But if I thriue, the gaine of my attempt,  
The least of you shall share his part thereof,  
Sound drums and trumpets boldly, and cheerfully,  
God, and Saint George, Richmond, and victorie.

*Enter King Richard, Rat. &c.*

*King.* What said Northumberland as touching Rich?

*Rat.* That he was neuer trained vp in armes.

*King.* He said the truth, and what said Surrey then.

*Rat.* He smiled and said, the better for our purpose.

*King.* He was in the right, and so indeed it is:

Tell the clocke there. *The clocke strikes.*

Giue me a Kalendre, who saw the Sunne to day?

*Rat.* Not I my Lord.

*King.* Then he disdaines to shine, for by the booke  
He should haue brau'd the East an houre agoe,  
A blacke day will it be to some bodie Rat.

*Rat.* My Lord.

*King.* The Sunne will not be seene to day,  
The skie doth frowne and lowre vpon our armie,  
I would these deawie teares were from the ground,  
Not shine to day: why, what is that to me  
More then to Richmond? for the selfe same heauen  
That frownes on me looks sadly vpon him.

*Enter Norfolk.*

*Nor.* Arme, arme, my Lord, the foe vaunts in the fe

*King.* Come, bustle, bustle, caparison my horse,  
Call vp Lord Stanley, bid him bring his power,  
I will lead forth my souldiers to the plesaine,

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